



"I do not regret one moment of my life."

The Jersey Lily (Langtree), British-American socialite

"A LAI OF 'THE DYING COW HAND'S LAMENTATION'"

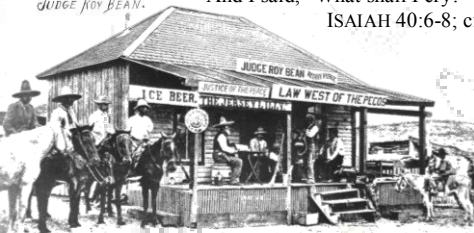
© :Darcy-John:Bouchard dit li Exôûile de li famille Kanata, MMVII

A voice says, "Cry out."
And I said, "What shall I cry?"
ISAIAH 40:6-8; cf., PS 89:3-

... that I'll die for 'one little kiss' and
Selahina good-bye.
Marty Robbins, "El Paso"

For thy sweet love rememb' red such
wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with
kings.

Wm SHAKESPEARE,
Sonnet XXIX



This song takes about 1 1/2 hours to sloud speak - and don't be surprised if y'all begin to sing.

*Sanctus y'be, O me good ol' Rosie...
the on'iest gal a po' bo' cun trust.*

*"I'm a bullwacker far from home.
if you don't like me just leave me alone;
eat my grub when hungry, drink when dry:
whack, punch, swar, then lay down and die."*

"THE DYING COW HAND'S LAMENTATION"

Éloi, eloi, lama sabachthani!

I'm a rowdy cowboy just off the stormy plains,
my trade is girting kack and pulling bridle reins.
O I can tip the lasso; it is with graceful ease;
I can rope a streak of lightning, and ride it where I please.

Come *my dear friends* and a sad story I'll plait:
O list *awhile* to the lai of a poor dying cow hand
and scorn not the pains of a poor dying boy.

*Come a ti yi yoopee
Ti yi yaaeh!*

O it was quite early one *fine* morning
that I went on down 'a privy way' to Roy Bean's –
to Roy Bean's Dram-and-Dame House,

with a hey, & a ho, & a hey ninino

O I so very early *one* morning, came:
'twas a very glorious spring morning,

hey ding a ding, ding

in the clear and bright mid-month of May:
from the woods bird-song so lovely, coolly wafting,
as if flower-fragrant, like a honey-scented breeze ...
as if flower-fragrant, like a honey-scented breeze ...
as if flower-fragrant, like a honey-scented breeze ...
and gladsome earth was all flesh clad in,
O, a flashing mantle of gristening glean.

O so cold was *the* morning, and dewy wet *that* new day,
as I strode *out* onto the street down by Roy Bean's –
Roy Bean's Dram-and-Dame House:

Roy Bean's Dram-and-Dame House:

O as I strode *out* onto the street down by Roy Bean's.

'T was there, so very pale and fair, I espied
a handsome young cow puncher with wavy blonde hair
and two brown, sparkling eyes, lying there – and cruel was his fate.

A hole in his "*boozen*," his teeth were a-closin' ...
and his tongue, all inflamed, hung o'er his chin:
he whispered – so slowly – and quite lowly said, as I came by,

"Come sit ye here just one moment down by my side."

And heavy breathed he, his dull voice heaving:
O heaving dull sobs – crying. Crying. Crying.

Bawdy merry-making and cold laughter could be heard
coming from inside of Roy Bean's –
from inside of Roy Bean's Dram-and-Dame House ...

*... willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.
O willow, willow, willow!*

The lawless wilderness is ruled by but one plain and simple truth,
the quick ruled the dead – O the quick ruled the dead.

The quick ruled the dead: and inside of Roy Bean's,
double-dealing gamblers therein cheat at palming cards –
and therein Lady Luck, her, no fortune wouldst she keep
in the bottom-dealt hopes of the honest young tenderfeet.
And the love in their eyes was by flash girls stolen,
to be hidden away between their powder-pampered titties.

Now, the handsome young cow puncher was stretched out:
there laid down on a slicker,
all dressed up in his buckskins –
all fit out in his buckskins – blood stained ... fit out for the grave:
he was shot through the breast and left covered with his strewn cards –
left lying in the dust all alone ... and there upon his forehead
grim Death a hellish brand so cruelly put.

O his eyes were fast glazing. Death was quick approaching:
and the handsome young cow puncher would soon be quite dead ...
O his white lips were curled and twisted.
His white lips they trembled, tortured with pain:
and he spake in a whisper, quite lowly
't was as if, soft-smiling, O he was remembering
of some scene of a life long ago ... long ago ...
for ever now far behind him in memory:
of his home to the East which he'd never see again.

And spake he these words in passing, saying unto me,
"*I can see by your armour that you are a cow hand –
a cow hand just like me!*"

Heigh ho, my heart is heavy.

O, these words he did say,
and he was breathing quite heavily – O, he was breathing quite heavily.
He was breathing quite heavy ...
and his voice it was whispered – whispered so dull:
and his lips were flame red.

"They done gunned me down ... and run off and left me
here in the dust of the street
outside of Roy Bean's ... just like I was dead – dead:
just like I was dead – dead: just like I was dead.

O come wont you sit down here just by my side –



¹ Matthew 27:46 "My god, my god, Why hast thou forsaken me?"
Cf., "through the void space I walk between the sinful world & eternity!
Beneath me burns eternal fire! O for a hand to pluck me forth!"
Wm. Blake, "Couch of Death"

come! listen and hear what I have to say:
hear my sad life story ... I wish to give it to you
I am shot in the breast and I know that I must die.
Hell is my doom for² I know that I've done wrong.
I know I've done wrong – wrong: and I'll soon be quite dead – dead.

I had a home once and a loving mother,
so good and gentle to me, I had a darlin' sister,
all my pride and joy, I loved her from her childhood for I had none else
beside,

I've loved her as a brother, an' with a brother's care
I've tried through grief an' sorrow her gentle heart to cheer.
But both did I leave for to wild wander.
O I long ago left there to go ranging ...
I wanted to range all of the world
and traveled from Canādia to Old Mehixco
Now I must die – and so far away from them for e'er separated.
Now I must die here alone outside of Roy Bean's –
in the dust of the street ... with my cards.
Now I must die ...

Go write me a letter to all of my brothers,
and one, also, to my sister so dear. O so dear.
But not one word of this do you mention:
as y'all gather 'round me my sad story to hear:
don't write to my mother, oh, please don't inform her
of the wretched condition that death caught me in.
I know it would grieve her at the loss of her darling firstborn son.
O wish could I – O wish could I
to my childhood return once again! O wish could I
to my childhood, return and never leave ...

'T was once in the saddle *that* I use to go dashing,
once in the saddle *that* I used to go happy, O, so gay;
I *have* tried to live honest, tried to shoot square,
and I've given all men *good as was* their due:³
but I *just* took up to drinking and card playing
which brought me to trouble, and now I am through:
got shot by a sneaky *bottom-dealing* gambler and his dirty *slut* whore:
and they left me here alone in the cold growing darkness –
and I it am dying now here all alone today.
O a shot from a six-shooter took my *young* life away.

So cruel was the man that shot me in the breast ...
he was cheating at dealing the cards and I called him out...
too late found me out he wanted to go!
I was trapped in a web by a spidery whore....
O too cruel was my lady luck⁴ ... the bitch was holding put my hand –
holding put my hand:

I might have applied to some friends that were near me;
to save my poor life ... but before! now they were all gone - gone.
O all were gone...



All were gone...

G o n e . . .

*With that came out his paramour:
she was white as the lily flower.*

Hey, troll, trollie, lollie.

*With that came out her own dear knight;
he was true as ever for the fight.*

Hey, troll, trollie, lollie, low.

My curse let it rest, let it rest on the fair one
who *first* drove me *forth* far away from *my* home –
O far from the family and friends that I loved.
She told me *that* she loved me, just to deceive me.
My curse *be it be* – may it rest upon her wherever she roam.⁵

² Cf. Chaucer, *Duchess* 597: - for y am sowre & sowre ys y.

³ Cf. Apocalypse 22:12,22. Ma'at - the Christ *ALM* doth appear 'as *Quick*
Becoming enthrones within the hearth of the faithful few.'

⁴ **Fortune** is appointed by God as a trial to the just in prosperity & grief, leading
man to turn from God either in delights of the world or in the world's
adversity: cf. Machiavelli's **Fortuna**.

O she was fair. O she was lovely. She was a lady,⁶
and the belle of the village: she *once* was the fairest of all.
But her heart was as cold as the snow on the mountains ...
she gave me up *at once* for the glitter of gold –
O she gave me up for the glitter of gold - *the glitter of gold*.

And *though* my life *it has finished*: I am over and done with –
I am done *with* wild wandering away for ever ...
far from my home and relations – *those people I love: those people I love*
– *love*:
those people I love ... and shall never see more.

Go gather around me a class of bold *rangers* who shoot fast and straight
and tell them the story of *their* comrade's sad fate.
Give each one and all *of them* a timely good warning –
quite gently, say, 'O please stop *with* your gold gamboling.
And quit drinking with powder-painted ladies!
O give up wild roving and gold gamboling before its too late.'
Tell one to tell the other before they go *any* further
to give up *their* wild roving before it's too late;
before they are cut down in the height of their bloom.

O I'm a *young* cow hand and I know I done wrong!

O I'm a *young* cow hand and I know I am doomed.

'twas once as a bronco buster I used to be brave;
but taint it a pity, I came *down* to Roy Beans
to gamble and drink with flash girls ... and now to the *cold* grave.
And now to the *cold* grave – *the cold* grave.

Get six jolly cow hands to come handle my coffin:
O let sixteen *pretty* maidens *fair* sing to bear up my pall.
Let them put bunches of white lilies⁷ all over my coffin.
Let them throw roses to deaden *you* footsteps – as they fall.

O pound the drum loudly and play the fife proudly,
play up the Death March as you carry me along.
But give up no wild whoopies – no wild whoopies
to chase off the devil as you carry me along:
O to scare off the devil as you carry me along.
No wild whoopies to chase off the devil
over the hillside and beat him ... *on down around the stump*
over the meadow – on to *you green meadow ...*
whar-fo bequeath ah Y' go and lay me down ...
for I'm a young cow puncher and know *I done bought me hell*.

I'm an honest young cow puncher even though, *and* I know, I done
wrong.

Hi yi a poor lonesome cow hand gone wild roving:
Hi yi come ye and list to my sad song:
Hi yi about a lonely boy who knew he'd done *so* wrong

Then drag your rope *very* slowly
and rattle your spurs *ever so* lowly,
take me not *though* out *onto* the lonesome prairie
and fire *ye* no salvo – no salvo *ye* fire o'er *to where you lay me down ...*
to send a poor cow hand *back* to his home – back to his home:
for I'm an honest young cow hand
cut down in the height of my prime.

I'm just an honest cow hand even though I done *so* wrong,
and I'm shot in the guts and I know I must die.
O I'm shot through and through and now I must die.
and now I must die! Now must I die! – must I die! – O I die! – I die...

O bury me not out *though*, *y'all*, O out on the lonesome prairie –
where the wild *kiyotes* will howl over me.
O bury me not all alone out on the lonely prairie!

⁵ In his youth blind to the 'true' character of his lady: seeing her only as 'an
object of desire' – his "world's welfare" & "godesse." A false value
derived from self-centered love ...

⁶ Chaucer, *Duchess* 848-58: Her eyes 'glade & sadde' simple & without
hypocrisy. The steadiness of her eyes reveals her 'measure,' temperance -
follows the Middle Way: *medium tenere beati*: her eyes do harm only to
those who desire her carnally – in temperance she does not chide them.

⁷ *The Sword of Ste. Catherine*, (pure, undefiled, inspirer of wisdom).
As *swell*, Angels wear chaplets of white lilies.

Virgil: "*Manibus o date lilia plenis*." Beatrice alone now guides Dante.





Where the rattlesnakes hiss and the wind blows, O so free
please bury me not beside my buck=knife and my six-shooter,
Not with silver spurs on my heels,
not with rifle by my side ...
Bury me near by the churchyard down in yon valley so green:
there beneath the willow, O beneath the weeping willow tree.
And hang ye up my trusty six-shooter, high up in the branches over me
to prove as fair warning to all that wild wandering was the death of me.

O place ye no bottles of fine brandy at head nor foot of my grave,
instead of a tombstone, to mark my last resting place ...
that those whom might find may drink and forget about wild wandering
away forever
and hang up their guns - go back on home to their loving families ...

... that every one who passes by, mightest lift up their eyes not to drink
but take in the skies - O the great starry skies above.
O drink in the great starry skies for the cow hand below.

... that perhaps if any honest young cow puncher comes on by,
he'll find me there sleeping eternally
and perhaps he'll think of me.

Last night I lay on the prairie looking up to the stars above,
and wondered of those cow punchers ever-drifting on-high - ever-drifting
on-high.

in the sweet bye-and-bye - O the sweet bye-and-bye:
and in the dusk of the twilight, listening
to the soft winds whispering ... so lowly:
and the darkening shadows were failing - like memories - so slowly...

Roll on, roll on, roll on little doggies:⁸
roll on, roll on, roll on little doggies - roll on.
Yippie Ti Yi Yo - gi'long li'l doggies, gi'long - it's your misfortune &
none of my own.
The road to that bright happy region is a dim narrow trail - so they say.
While the road that leads to perdition is posted and blazed all the way -
Yippie Ti Yi Yo.

O pray sometimes think of me below.

O had I the wings of a little snow-white dove - so far, far away
would I fly,
right back into the arms of my one true love ...
and there would I lay me down dead:
but though I have searched, I ne'er yit found one sech as she ...

O my friends and relations, they live in the Nation;
and they know not where their dear boy has gone.
I gave up my home - wanting to see the whole wild world.
I steered my course first here out to the West and hired on
with a bold rancher ...
and the rest you can plainly see: go take me to the graveyard
and throw the dirt over me - throw ye the dirt over me
for I have been murdered ... and you know they have done wrong:
I began to drink and then I began to souse - my life is soon done.
I took to card playing in Roy Bean's Dram-and-Dame House -
I got in a brawl and shot through the bowels and you see where I lay:
giving what was unfairly due, Bad Fortune, a whore ... was the cause
of it all.

O got shot by a gambler, and am dying here all alone...

Now doom is my due for I know I know I know that I have done
wrong - O so terribly turribly wrong... and I'm going to hell!
Its so wrong...! O...! **I'm going to hell! O I'm going to hell! and
never coming back.**

When I die, just bury me as I be - no box black suit or dandy roller hat,
no blue-white shirt or shiny shoes with pointed toes so tall ...

O don't put yer moon-shine whiskey in my coffin,
no deck of cards in my hands.
Don't let them weep and wail, don't let 'em moan at all.
And put ye no marihuana or tobacco onto my dead body ...
though you smoke and spit chaw as ye carry me along:

O take no rolling dice shooters or card players for pall bearers,
no coke snuffers to sing in procession mine funerary song.

-Put ye no gold in the cold ground with my body,
but for the two pennies which ye place over my dead staring eyes.
Put ice at my feet, though, for the place I am going ... I won't even be
cool with that.⁹

Now doom is my due for I know I've done wrong - and I'm going to hell!
I'm going to hell! **O I'm going to hell!** and never coming back.

O carry me with soft steps, mournful, solemn, slow,
to a grave ye dug both long and wide, and deep ...
for I'm a young cow hand and I know I done wrong.
and I know I done wrong - so very, very wrong.

I wear a bandanna, my spurs are of silver, my pony is gray-dappled:
and while riding the ranges my luck never changes,
with foot in the stirrup I gallop for aye. I gallop for aye - aye:
with foot in the stirrup I gallop for aye. Whoopie-kiyi-yi-aye.



O when the valleys were dusty my bronco was trusty.
He loped through the blizzards, the snow in his ears,
the cattle mayeth scattered ... but what did it matter?

yippie - tiye - yie - yie - yie
yippie - yea

And coughing back his chocking death-rattle,
the dyin' cow hand cried out the rebel yell...¹⁰

⁹ Jessie James was "put on ice" ... that is to say, the gallant outlaw was put on
public display and humiliated by carpet-bagging strangers buying his
thanatos imagery and profiteering, furthermore, in contraband sales of
souvenirs, etc.

¹⁰ The rebel yell is a defiant battle cry used by Confederate soldiers to
intimidate the enemy and boost their own morale. The origin of the yell is
uncertain, though it is thought to have been influenced by a Scot "pilgrim"
whom chanced holler out a traditional "clan war cry" - challenging, in
response, a threatening Native American war cry - "most likely Comanche."

Few recordings exist of the "Rebel Yell" - the Smithsonian has preserved
a short b/w film by Don and Helen Perry called "*The Rebel's Yell*" (© 1960):
[4:22 mins.]. It featured elderly gents in their 70s-80s recounting the "rebel
yell" of their youth - a precious relic of Dixie's heritage, which I found the
link below besides being available on YouTube:

<https://www.smithsonianmag.com/videos/category/history/what-did-the-rebel-yell-sound-like/>

The best book being anything close to the subject of true life adventures in
the old west being the brilliant film "*The Outlaw Josey Wales*" starring Clint
Eastwood and Chief Dan George: It was factually based up a novel called
"*Gone To Texas*." Written in 1972 and originally published under the title
"*The Rebel Outlaw: Josey Wales*" - republished as "*Gone To Texas*" in 1975
The author Forrest Carter had a more than colourful life with several links
to the hidden past of the KKK. The main attraction of the story is in the way
that the characters correlate around real life events - as these are actual
representations of real life figures in my own life, as well. Moreover, I am
reminded of the controversial Thomas F. Dixon, Jr., who romanticized
White resistance to the carpet-bagging reforms of the Reconstruction era in
the humiliated Southern states.

Harry Aitken of the Keystone Film Company, headquartered in Waukesha,
Wisconsin, met with realtor John Freuler in Milwaukee and started a partnership.
In July 1906, the Western Film Exchange was born in Freuler's real estate office.
The new concept of renting movies to the theaters caught on quick and Western
grew rapidly. Soon the company had established branch offices in other markets
such as Chicago, St. Louis, etc... This all came to a halt literally overnight in 1908
because of lawsuits initiated by Thomas Edison. Costly litigation tied up cash
flows as well as valuable production time. The independent studios retaliated by
producing their films in secret. Edison was persuaded to make peace with nine of
the larger film studios. Together they formed the Motion Picture Patents
Company (MPPC) with the announcement that they held a monopoly on the film
market. Any studio that was not a member of MPPC would not be licensed to
produce films; any theater or exchange that did not subscribe to the membership
and royalty payments was declared "outlaw" and not allowed to operate.

Aitken and Freuler decided to make their own films and in 1910 incorporated
the American Film Manufacturing Company. Soon the legal pressure from the
MPPC caused them to move their operation to Santa Barbara, California. It was
reported that studios were able to operate on the west coast and had the Mexican
border close if they had to dodge litigation. Soon American Film was cranking
out films and distributing them to several thousand theaters. Aitken also worked
on forming a second motion picture production company, Majestic Film which
he used to supply a new distribution company he formed with several other
"outlaw" studios called the Motion Picture Distribution and Sales Company
(called the Sales Company). In 1911, Aitken lured away the rising star of one of

⁸ The "doggies" get nervous in crowds, and the cow hands had to lope around
quietly in the darkness, singing to them, so as not to frighten them.

studios that was part of the Sales Company named "Mary Pickford." This caused a major problem with the other studios involved with the Sales Company to the point that Aitken removed Majestic and formed another studio he called **Reliance**. After Aitken's departure, **Carl Laemmle**, the head of the Sales Company, renamed the Sales Company the **Universal Film Manufacturing Company**. With Majestic, Reliance, and American all producing films at a dizzying rate.



D.M.: "*Birth of a Nation*" (originally called "*The Clansman*") is one of the landmarks of film history. The 1915 American *silent epic* drama film was directed and co-produced by **D.W. Griffith** and starring **Lillian Gish**. In 1992, the Library of Congress deemed the film "*culturally, historically, or aesthetically significant*" and selected it for preservation in the **National Film Registry**.

In March 1912, **John Freuler** and **Harry Aitken** created the **Mutual Film Corporation**... luring D.W. Griffith away from **Biograph**. Even though other studios like **Fox**, **Zukor** at **Paramount** and **Laemmle** from **Universal** offered more money, Aitken offered *freedom* and *control*. Problems soon arose, however, with the conviction of Griffith to make "*an epic full length feature*" - *which hadst never before been done*.

Griffith held Aitken to his *promise of freedom* while the *heavy cost* soon threw Aitken and the board of Mutual into full battles. The board refused to cover the expenses of a single film that would *cost over \$100,000* to make and run 120 minutes. Aitken turned to *private sources for financing*. He obtained money from friends and business acquaintances who invested in the project when Aitken offered his *personal guarantee* that their money was safe. In this fashion, Aitken had raised nearly \$100,000 and, *in addition*, his reputation and personal fortune were on the line. With this funding, Griffith and Aitken formed **Epoch Producing Corporation**.



Lillian Gish

Mary Pickford

Birth of a Nation, premiered in Los Angeles and was a huge success, even at the astronomical price of **\$2.00 a ticket**. When the film went out on the road with *traveling orchestras* for extended runs in **20 major cities**, the returns were staggering. The **New York City** engagement alone ran 48 weeks at the Liberty Theater on Broadway. **Griffith** was being lavished with praises and **Harry Aitken** was riding high on the biggest gamble of his life. Aitken accumulated a personal fortune from *The Birth of a Nation*; he then organized the illustrious **Triangle Pictures Corporation**.

N.B.: Stung by criticisms that the second half of his masterpiece was racist in its glorification of the **Ku Klux Klan** and its *brutal images of Blacks*, Griffith tried to make amends in "*Intolerance*" (1916), whereof he criticized "prejudice." And, in "*Broken Blossoms*" (or "*The Yellow Man and the Girl*") (1919) he told *perhaps* the first interracial love story in the movies... even though, *to be sure*, it's an idealized love with no touching. Compare Shakespeare's *Othello* (c. 1601-1604).

The character's origin is traced to the tale "*Un Capitano Moro*" in *Gli Hecatommithi* by Giovanni Battista Giraldo Cinthio. There, he is simply referred to as the Moor. Othello is a brave and competent soldier of

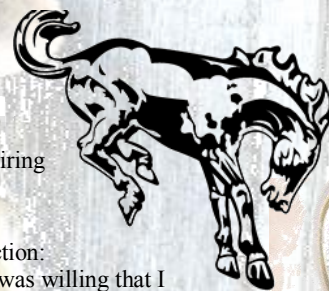
O I - yie - yie - yie... O my lasso I used to throw with perfection roping mossy horn cattle was for us was great fun, to cattle I always gave great satisfaction with a band of wild bronco-busters. But now I'm done - O now I am done. O woe-zee-woe-woe... I am done.



Hoo-ooo-raa-aah - my stallion was sure at riding and cutting and roping ... and my rope was a halter for pig-headed steers - pig-headed steers. and when we were far from the ranches - as daylight paled, I cooked over his turds and scrub brush, and when I'd partaken of *my* hardtack and beans and salted-back-bacon, I whistled a merry old song of the trail - merry old song of the trail - the trail.

I whistled a merry old song of the trail.

O the sun is fast sinking, the stars fast rising and I shall never see morning again... O I shall ne'er see morning again. O come stand ye around me; my breath is expiring I'll soon be ready to enter the tomb... O *my tomb*: and I shall soon enter my tomb.



I've missed life eternal, I'm bound for destruction: but God was willing that I should do so: God was willing that I should do so.

Grieve not while thinking of my *wretched* condition: I'm a vile sinner, and now *livid* must I go - *livid* must I go. O *livid* I must go.

My perle maid ¹¹ will be there to greet me beyond this slow river of death - beyond this slow river of death. *She's* lovely and pure as the dew on *yon* white lily. *Her image* has always been with me - carried me: O carry me up through *my* long lonely *dim-growing memories* - grim growing death *quickly becoming* ... *my livid-dying reality*. And *that image* I'm taking *it* down through the valley - through the dark lowly vale of tears we call death; locked in my heart to be with me together always ... now at last I am gone: now at last I'm gone ... at last, I am gone.

Please gather up *ye* my last hand of poker; the one I dropped when I got my death wound, send it and my empty six gun holster home to my father, after you've buried me deep in my tomb ... tell them these things were the ruin of his son and never to part with the last fatal hand but carry *it* with him always just as a reminder of when I first began to drift wild wandering.

O a wild wind wandering far away from home forever now.



advanced years and Moorish background in the service of the **Venetian Republic**. He elopes with **Desdemona**, the beautiful daughter of a respected Venetian senator. After being deployed to Cyprus, Othello is manipulated by his **Ancient** (pronounced **Ensign**) **Iago** into believing Desdemona is an adulteress. Othello murders her and, upon discovering Iago's deceit, kills himself.

¹¹ The "*perle (pearl) maid*" brings to mind elements of medieval Christian doctrine *allegory* and *dream vision genre* - the dreamer awakens in a garden with a beautiful and heavenly *woman* standing across a stream in a strange landscape: Mythological, I can only think of **Lilith** - "*Mother of Demons*," in comparison - whom was punished by being sent away from **Adam**, to stand in a river... before the time of *mitochondrial Eve*) - and in her we can fore-see **Derkoto**... **Semiramis**...

Eventually she reveals him an image of the **Heavenly City of God**, and herself as part of the retinue of **Christ the Lamb**. The maiden reminds us that though our corporeal earthly fleshapoid meat-body dies and is forgotten... yet, our spiritual form permeates its enduring essence amidst heaven: (Remember, even the least can be made great... and the great laid low). When the dreamer attempts to cross the stream, he awakens suddenly from his dream and reflects on its significance. But, as with all dreams... it is valuable to remember not so much how symbology makes us think... but, *more-so*, of how we are made to feel... because it is more important to love than to think or dream.

Moral

People may forgive and forget what you said or did... but they will never forget how you make them feel.





Yet the Nation is my home and a dwelling place for me.

O a wild wind wandering far away from home forever.

And, O let the turf that my bones shall cover
be cut from this land that is trod by the free.

O a wild wind wandering far away from home
and wild kiyotes are howling over me – O howling o'er me.

*eidel-aye-e-ou odel-aye-e
eidel-aye-e-ou odel-aye-e*

Please wont someone carry *a* word to my dear gray-headed mother;
my last greeting to my beloved sister, and *my* niece, O so dear.

Ask them to forgive *me* what I *have* sinned against them,
for never again will I meet *with* them here ...

tell them I loved them all through my wild wanderings
and *that* nobody here knows my name ...

Pity! but there is none other far dearer than mother, or sister, or niece,
who would weep bitterly if *she* knew I were here.

No maiden to send for love to share a departing kiss.

No memory I might here hold onto ... to give my life *some* worth.

No last letter I had from my dearest lover -

begging me so kindly to come to my home. *O please come home ...*

Lord! If I had found and married this lady,

quit my wild wandering *ways* and done as she'd bid ...

I'd never ever have come down here to Roy Bean's ... and now

I'm going to die

I'm going t o d i e ...

O I'm going to die.¹²

When Death in cold arms doth embrace and lull me to sleep,
its by the side of my Rosie that I'll eternally rest in peace.

I got in a battle whilest playing *at* stud poker ...

and I don't want my people to share in my shame.

O send for the preacher to say the words over my body;

I'm a young cow hand who will soon be quite dead.

God shorten my breath for I'm in such terrible pain

I'm in sech terrible pain – *sech* terrible pain.

O send for the doctor¹³ to heal up my sore wounds so deep,

that I might have salts and pills of white mercury,

for I lay here bleeding to painful death alone in the street;

a gambler shot me in the breast and now I must die. O I must die –

I must die.

Farewell my friends, farewell my relations,

my earthly career has cost me sore.

Come, dear mother, *too*, and sing to me a song ...

for my knee bones *am* aching, and my poor heart *am* breaking;

well I know how I have so done you wrong.

O come, my dear mother, and sit down nigh beside me.

Sit down beside me an' hold my hand, tears pity thy face

with sore lamentations I know I'm a disgrace:

in my younger days I used to be *so gay* – O so gay,

down around the church house *weeping willow trees* around me

all the pretty young maidens gathered with armfuls of lavender –
calling me bold.

O o'er my coffin put handfuls of lavender,

handfuls of lavender on every side

while the women ought to carry me - young whore gals to woo me so...

so along,

bringing with them bunches of sweet smelling roses ...

sweet smelling roses to drive me along in procession ...

covering me with sweet smelling roses so as not of me to smell

He'd asked for a candle, to light him to bed with,

likewise white flannel to wrap round his head;

For his poor head so aching, and his heart so breaking,
for the young cow puncher lay shot down in the street ...
and he was dying alone ... dying alone ... dying alone ...

He'd called *again* for his mother, his dear gray-headed mother,
oft-times she had told him of his past life before roamin',
when along came those flash girls and his money he'd squander,
and along with those flash girls he'd took his delight.

At the top of the street those flash girls were all standing;

and one to another they were low whispering, and they said,

'There lies a young cowboy whose money we've squandered,
there lies a young cowboy shot down dead in his prime.'

A group had gathered round him, all comrades in a fright,
the tears rolled down each manly cheek as he said his last goodnight,
up spoke the dyin' cow hand, sayin' do not weep for me,
I'm crossin' a dark deep river to a country that is free. -
do not weep for me.

"O won't some one go bring me a drink of cold water,¹⁴

Cold water to cool my fevered hot temples...

oi-oi-oi ice... to soothe my parched lips –

It burns like 'blazes.'

Damn...!

I think I'll soon be dead." – the poor cow puncher said.

The handsome young cow puncher *then* ceased to his talking.

We all knew he was soon to be dead: soon to be dead.

His trials here on earth were soon to be forever over – e'er o'er.

The handsome young cow puncher was soon to be dead.

I hastened¹⁵

to do his bidding

and fetch him cold water;

my legs were like lead - and I remembered the weight of manacles as ah
moyzies along...

seemed lak ah wuz moving very very slowly ...

seemed mah own gut butterfly-curdled as I strode along...

O along strode I with downcast head... and as I passed by dame hoary
saloon bitches...

which one-to-another they wuz low whispering... - and they said,

'There lies a young cowboy whose money we've squandered,
there lies a young cowboy shot down dead in his prime.'

I was shortly back in their midst bearing a glass of tepid water ...

a bit of lime rind floating in it for flavour.

"Hollah fuckin cowboy...! whutchur hurrah cowpoke...?" and "Ah-tenaise,
White man... I'll take ya roun-tha-world, eh?" they squawked out...

Before I returned to that sorry cow hand, y'no... O woe-z-woe-woe!

the puncher's liberated spirit *had* departed from its earthly bonds;

his ghost, it had left him and rode the last round-up *on* to the eternal land:

it'd left him *forever* and gone to our Giver – the young cow hand lay
senseless and dead.

And a six-shooter *was* in his lifeless hand –

O a six-shooter *in* his lifeless hand ...

O a six-shooter *was* in his lifeless hand.

And now the young cow hand we wrapped up in his saddle blanket,
each by the corners of his bloody-stained slicker,

and four wild bronco-busters we shall carry his dead body ...

and those little whore-gals fair shall carry wild roses & myrtle¹⁶ ...

following along,

not for to smell him as they pass by *along* in procession.

We swung our ropes lowly and rattled our spurs slowly,

And gave up no wild whoopies as we carried him along.

And one of the flash girls bore – *she* - an armful laurel,¹⁷

¹⁴ Drinking the waters of the Underworld river Lethe, according to Classical Greek mythology, caused the mind to forget its earthly existence.

¹⁵ Cf. BLAKE, *Contemplation*: I walked through dreary places with him, & in church-yards; & oft I've found myself sitting by Sorrow on a tombstone.

Woe! cried the muse.

¹⁶ *Myrtilus* – emblem of immortality – remains green 'to remind' lovers *that* life may lie hidden in the lap of death. Cf., Dante *Purgatorio* XXI. 85: That name most lasting & most honoured.

¹² My silks & fine array, / My smiles & anguish'd air, / By love are driven away; / & mournful lean Despair / Brings me yew to deck my grave: / Such end 'true' lovers have ... Cf. *The Blind Archer*, "Death were dearer to me than life." [*The Finest Legends of the Rhine*, Wilhelm Ruland.]

¹³ See, ACTS 9. 33-4. Cf. *Duchess* 39-40: For ther is physician but oon / that may hele; but that is don ...

And, violets and marigolds ...to place on his *sepulchre*
as we carried him along *the street* – *down* to the prairie
so *that* we might lay him *into his* eternal rest

O ...for e'er alone to sleep.

We beat *the* drum slowly and played *the* fife lowly,
and bitterly wept as we bore him along:
for we all loved our comrade, so brave, young and han'some,
we all loved our comrade although he'd done wrong.

We took him *not* down *into* the green valley to lay the sod o'er him ...
there was none!
O we had but hard-packed prairie dirt and dust to bury him *in* – *shallow*
too ...
drinking no brandy, *though*, as we carried him – our spurs jingle-jangling
along.

No golden trumpet *was* sounded to bring in *the morning* daylight -
to let all know that he was *now* gone *forever* ...

We turned and walked away – his ghost 'twas departed.
The comrade we loved we'd laid quite dead in the cold grave.

He'd gone out on that one last round-up – our comrade was dead.

The handsome young cow puncher had died and was *left* buried *on the*
prairie alone.

So no one can come to *perhaps* find him ... *eternally* sleeping under the
clouds:

For ever *he is gone* wild roving ... for ever and anon away from his home:
for ever *far* away from *his* home & relations ...
with ne'er e'en a one true love to tell her not to weep ...
'for we shall yet have to meet' –
'for we shall yet - - - meet' – 'we shall yet meet...'

O these were his dying words.

¹⁷ Daphne was changed into a laurel by *Peneus* when pursued by Apollo.

Laurel: favoured tree of the gods – laurel wreath: consecrated crown of mighty conquerors & poets.

¹⁸ Mark 7:11 states: But ye say, If a man shall say to his father or mother, It is *Corban*, *that is to say, a gift*, by whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me; he shall be free. The word a gift, was known and common among the Talmudists: Rabba saith, A burnt sacrifice is "a gift" is not offered to expiate for any deed: but after repentance hath expiated the deed, the burnt sacrifice comes that the man may be received with favour. As when any hath sinned against the king, and hath appeased him by a *paraclete* [an advocate], and comes to implore his favour bringing "a gift." Of course, the whole theme behind the *Trojan War* focuses on the idea behind the *Trojan Horse* - which is, fundamentally, "Do not trust your enemies." The Jews have *Kol Nidre* and Islamic *taqiyyah* oath.

"This must be Jesus."

Mark 7:26-27.

²⁶ The woman was a Greek, born in Syrian Phoenicia. She begged Jesus to drive the demon out of her daughter.

²⁷ "First let the children eat all they want," he told her, "for it is not right to take the children's bread and toss it to the dogs."

Now observe :

The application made him by a *poor Gentile woman* in distress and trouble - a *Greek stranger* to the commonwealth of Israel, an *alien to the covenant of promise*; she was by extraction a *Syro-Phoenician*, and not in any degree proselyted to the Jewish religion; she had a *young daughter* that was *possessed with the devil*. How many and grievous are the calamities that young children are subject to! Her address was, very humble, pressing, and importunate; she heard of him, and came, and fell at his feet; she besought him that he would cast forth the *devil* out of her daughter, that he would break the power of *Satan*, *that is*, the power of *sin in their souls*; and particularly, that he would cast forth the unclean spirit, that their bodies might be temples of the *Holy Ghost* (i.e. that their "sex" be sanctioned and made desirable to the Temple Priests, or Pharisees). The unconscious symbolism involved in the *tearing of the veil* and *defloration of the hymen* should come to mind... as should *Veronica's veil*.

For the first time the rejected *Son of David* ministers to a Gentile. It is a precurseful fulfilment of Matthew 12:18 - "Behold my servant, whom I have chosen; my beloved, in whom my soul is well pleased: I will put my spirit upon him, and he shall shew judgment to the Gentiles." Whence addressed by a Gentile as "Son of David," he makes no reply, for a Gentile has no claim upon him in that character. See Scofield Matthew 2:2 - Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

And so... O woe... O we buried him...! there alone out on the lone prairie,
wrapped up in his old saddle-blanket & blood-stained slicker
... with a rock for upon to eternally rest his head – O we left him:
our comrade was dead and it was time for us quick to git along – gi'long ...

His bones now rot out on the lonesome prairie – alone.

O shallow we buried him alone out on the prairie ... his head resting upon a
stone

& o'er him we set his saddle - to mark his tomb:
now he sleeps where the wild prairie wind smoothly blows.

& on top of his headstone you'll see wise words written,
carved into the leather with the very knife he once wore.

Draw nearer to me, comrades, an' listen to what I say,
I'm goin' to tell a story before I pass away,
'the lawless wilderness is ruled by one plain and simple truth,'
and down at Roy Bean's Dram-and-Dame House...

Roy Bean's Dram-and-Dame House:

Roy Bean's Dram-and-Dame House:

O as I strode *out* onto the street *down* by Roy Bean's.

Ooooh... too late I learned, oi-oi-oi, the quick rule the dead:

"I can see by your armour that you are a cow hand
– a cow hand just like me!"
Heigh ho, my heart is heavy.
Heigh ho.



Lift up your hearts, me buckos...
It is very mete and just, right and salutary... and
our bounden duty that we should.
Aye - it be meet and just to give praise.

O on top of his grave marker the trail boss had carved very deep
with the sharp blade the handsome young cow hand once wore:

O all you young cowboys, wild and free, take warning by me,
and never go courting with the flash girls in the Dram-and-Dame House...

"Flash girls and card playing were the ruin of me - Boot Hill." ¹⁹

Ich bin noch nicht so weit!



Hae-yah-yah-yah-yah-yah-yah yo-yah-yo
hae yeh yu yu yu... aiye ... eiy yo ho ho ho o o o...
O great expanse of the blue sky, see me roaming here:
hey yo hey-yae-yah-yah-yah-yah.
Again on the warpath lonely... I trust in you, protect me:
hae-yah-yah-yah-yah-yah-yah. ²⁰

Absquatulate

"Anyone who limits her vision to memories of yesterday is already dead."
"Jersey" Lily Langtree, scandalous royal mistress
(1852-1929)



Psalms 10:16-18

¹⁶ The Lord is King for ever and ever: the heathen are perished out of his land.

¹⁷ Lord, thou hast heard the desire of the humble: thou wilt prepare their heart, thou wilt cause thine ear to hear.

¹⁸ To judge the fatherless and the oppressed, that the man of the earth may no more oppress.

"The King" is one of the divine titles used in Psalms 10:16 - and Solomon's "love" for a "Shulamite girl" cannot be ignored in *this instance*. Neither can his relationship with the *Queen of Sheba*. But Christ is never called "King of the Church." He is "King of the Jews" - now do not ye be mistaking these Jews with the Khazars, Ashkenazi, Sephardim, nor any sech Jews likened unto the terrorist state of Zionist Israel... these, *no doubt*, are the so-called "*Synagogue of Satan*" - and, *instead*, by it having been written sechwise... it daïn't not intend to infer "us scattered tribes of the north" (which are the one-and-only true "Israel").

¹⁹ *Sam Hill* - A euphemism for the devil. "What in the Sam Hill are you doing?"

²⁰ Based on "*Shiriki*" ("Coyote Warrior Song"), Pawnee song. "*The Indians' Book*" by Natalie Curtis, 1987, 129 - 30. New York: Bonanza Books.

